

mOthertongue

Volume 3 *Spring*

Article 24

Spring 1996

Escenas de la Vida "Real" / Scenes from "Real" Life

Jocelyn Geliga Vargas

University of Massachusetts Amherst

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Geliga Vargas, Jocelyn (1996) "Escenas de la Vida "Real" / Scenes from "Real" Life," *mOthertongue*: Vol. 3 , Article 24.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot/vol3/iss1/24>

This Multilingual Prose is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. It has been accepted for inclusion in mOthertongue by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. For more information, please contact scholarworks@library.umass.edu.

Scenes from "Real" Life

I always talk so loud and fast. And I laugh so hard. I want to talk hard so I can surprise them. I don't know why I bother, since my mere presence paralyzes them. I enter the pharmacy and all activity stops: the cashier does not punch one more key; the pharmacist doesn't give out another prescription, not even to his mother; the sick person stops in mid-sneeze, halfway up the road from throat to nose; the little old parishioner women stop their delightful and ritualized morning gossip. All eyes freeze, they rest on me while I retreat down the narrow aisle of the pharmacy; long and heavy is the road that takes me to the last corner of the store, in determined search of a mere liter of milk. I want to laugh with my noisy guffaws, but the scene doesn't amuse me in the least. I wanted to talk loud to give them a scare, but what does it matter if when I go to take out my wallet to pay -- like a good "American" citizen -- the cashier freaks and calls security? When I took out my umbrella, her fear saw a cannon there.

Escenas de la Vida "Real"

Yo siempre hablo tan alto y rápido. Y me río tan duro. Yo quiero hablar duro para asustarlos. No sé porqué el esfuerzo, pues mi mera presencia los paraliza. Entro a la farmacia y toda actividad se detiene: la cajera no hunde una tecla más , el farmacéutico no le despacha una receta ni a su madre, el enfermo detiene su estornudo ahí mismo, a mitad de camino entre garganta y nariz, las viejitas feligreces paran su deleitoso y ritualizado chisme matutino. Todos los ojos se congelan, se posan en mí mientras culipando por los estrechos pasillos de la farmacia; largo y pesado el camino que me lleva hacia la última esquina del local, en determinada búsqueda de un mero litro de leche. Yo quisiera reirme con mis estruendosas carcajadas, pero la escena no me causa gracia alguna. Yo quisiera hablar duro para darles un susto, pero qué importa si cuando voy a sacar la cartera para pagar -- como todo buen ciudadano "americano"-- la cajera pega un brinco y llama a seguridad. Cuando saqué mi sombrilla, su miedo vio allí un cañon.

Jocelyn A. Géliga Vargas